Cal Hoskins Capitulates

Taming of a Son-in-law by an Old Mountain Woman.

By FRANKLIN P. HARRY Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co. T

"Aw, Mis' Myers-Mis' Myers!" shrill, anxious feminine voice called.

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"Be th' kiars up er down?" Mrs. Myers looked up from the pan her head sidewise to escape the vines gun. I'll do hit!" on the porch in an endeavor to see

'Why, howdy, Mis' Miracle! They ago. Light from your saddle an' stay awhile," she invited cordially.

'No'm, I cain't. I'm jes' so worried home for two days. He's aroun' town some'ers chock full of whisky, an' Lowisey's got no wood cut, an' the gyarden needs diggin', an' she's as mad as hops, an' the baby's sick, an' she cain't git down after him," she clattered in a breath.

The visitor seemed torn between a desire to hasten away and to stay and unburden her troubled soul. Clad in a faded calico wrapper, tied in place by a gingham apron, her thin, sharp features half concealed by a flapping sunbonnet, she sat resolutely upon a flea bitten, lanky old mule, who seemed suffering from the last stages of ennul.

"Yas," she resumed. "Cal's been gone two days-be's that triffin'-an' one of the Simpson boys back up the road a piece told me he was shootin' his lip off about Buck Haney. Him and Buck's had no good blood for each other ever sence Cal married my Lowisey. One of these days he'll git drunk an' run into Buck, an' there'll be trouble,

"Oh, Mis' Miracle!" Mrs. Myers cried, aghast. "I seen Buck Haney go past hver this mawnin', an' he'd been drinkin' sure's you're born. You'd better come in," she begged.

"Glddap, Jonah!" Mrs. Miracle addressed the languid mule excitedly.

"Mebbe I kin find him before Buck lays sight on him," she called over her shoulder. "Men are allus sich fools when they're drunk-shootin' each other to pieces. Yuh seld th' klars went up, didn't yuh?"

"Yas!" Mrs. Myers screamed. "Be awful careful.

With many tugs at the long suffering bridle and many high voiced ejaculations of disgust at the mule's slowness, the pair finally got across and disappeared in a rising cloud of dust.



MECHANICALLY HIS HANDS WENT UP.

The first house of the straggling little village belonged to Buck Haney. It sat some distance back from the alighted in stinging semicircles across main road, a crooked, gully washed lane leading up to it. As Mrs. Miracle and the mule ap-

proached from one side a thick set. ton. It did not require many such apdisheveled man lurched toward it from

"Howdy, ole woman!" he cried, as he completed his circuitous course and landed unsteadily in front of her, treating her incidentally to a genial, bleary eyed grin. "Where ye started

ready to go back with me, Cal Hoskins," she said aggressively. "You sumpen else fer you to answer to her now Lowisey needs you home, an' e gyarden's runnin' wild, an' "-

"Wait tel I'm through with Buck

ager, fumbling in his porkets mean-At last he found his gun and, point-

one upon another, but there was albig it waveringly above his head, fired ways ready watchful sympathy for the a shot or two, accompanied by numer- under dog, and when it fell the top one ous blatant, rancous invitations to Buck | was usually anxious to get off, to "come out hyer. I kin lick th' hide

"You shet your mouth, right now!" Mrs. Miracle hissed.

She leaned over as she spoke and and held them strictly to it. dexterously snatched the pistol from . Their faces became unrecognizable his wabbling grasp. She tucked it with sweat and dust, and occasionally somewhere amid the voluminous call- a redder streak showed when the skin co and turned to him once more, un- became broken. It was a pummeling. fastening as she did so a businesslike a grand scratch, a wrestling match and looking leather whip from beneath her a bombardment of choice profanity all

"You shet your mouth." she repeated, "an' go 'long home!"

strength of the other. For a full half develop a certain watchfulness. It was minute they stood thus. Then a bel- skill-clumsy perhaps-but skill neverlering voice from behind them broke theless, and when headwork got the

"Yow! Who's a-callin' Buck Haney, tator's interest heightened. Td like t know!"

************** law, who was doing her best to hide the whip.

> "Shet up!" she admonished tersely. "Who's a-goin' a lick th' hide offen me? You-yuh pizen faced varmint!" Buck asked, casting a withering, leering look of contempt at Hoskins, "Stand you know hit!" out thar tell I put a 44 in yer hide!" "That's enough outen you!"

Mrs. Miracle's voice had an unpleasant, acidulous rasp in it when she became thoroughly angry. She sprang from the mule and advanced upon him, Cal's nasty looking revolver in her

He was too astonished as the barrel of it neared him to reach for his own gun at first, and when he thought of it she anticipated the movement.

"No, y' don't, nuther! Stick your of apples she was paring and inclined paws up, an' don't go grabbin' for your

Mechanically his hands went up

"Turn aroun', I say!" Slowly he turned, still keeping his jus' went up about quatter an hour hands up, and when his back was opposite her she deftly drew his gun from his hip pocket. The mule stood still, an interested spectator, and, going in my mind! Lowisey's man ain't been back to him, she led him to the fence and climbed upon his back.

"Now, you all calkalate on chawin each other up, don't yuh?" she asked coldly, forcing the mule over toward the two.

They looked sheepish and amiable and drunk, but not a thing like fighting. Scorn leaped into her eyes and colored her weather beaten features. She advanced upon them as swiftly as she could make the mule go, the upraised whip writhing in snaky circles above

"Air ye goin' to fight?" she demanded. The culprits looked desidedly aggrieved. How could they possibly be so misunderstood? And fight-without a gun? What business had a woman mixing in with a man's business any-

Mrs. Miracle was running things, and she didn't hesitate to let them see it either. Her next words were to the

"You all's been a shootin' your mouths off about each other long 'nuf," she told them. "Now's your chance to claw an' scratch to your hearts' content. You all mix right in now, an I'll see thet yuh play fair!"

The whip whistled and sung about them, its cracker alighting occasionally

with a tantalizing nip. Finding there seemed to be no alter native, Cal advanced upon Buck and tapped him playfully upon the shoul-Buck after a clumsy pass returned in kind. Then they backed away and regarded each other foudly.

"Keep on!" she encouraged. says he kin lick th' hide offen yub. A body dassent say thet to me and me take hit!" she said scornfully.

Turning to her son-in-law, she rehim; "Buck called you face. Air ye afraid of him?" she asked wrathfully.

"Keep on! Keep on!" and the whip swished an echo. Thus stimulated, once more they exchanged blows, and, owing to a rolling stone beneath his foot, Buck slipped, and his fist landed squarely and with considerable force in the middle of

Lowisey's man's countenance. That injected the required ginger rific old time "open hander" beside the other one's head that cracked with the they went to it. Mrs. Miracle nodded

There was much language used-torrid, descriptive, noncomplimentarybut that was only to be expected. Their stern monitor sat above them in the mule, the varying stages of the battle successively written upon her harp, sun yellowed features.

ody.

Cal succeeded in planting one in arm, threw the two men together, whereupon they immediately forgot their mutual grievances, threw their arms about each other's necks and became as loving brothers.

Swish, swish! The whip hissed through the air above their heads and

their backs and shoulders. Both men were in their shirt sleeves. and the rawhide bit through the cotplications to break the fraternal em-

"Stop thet!" she screamed angrily. "This ain't no love feast," Again the whip sang and cracked

"Hit him, Buck. He says there ain't no man hereabout kin lick him!"

"I'm fur's as I'm goin'. You git right | Then to Cal: "Ef you don't whup him I'll-I'll tell Lowisey. Thet'll be

The sobbing ceased with a gulp, and once more they went to it. they fust!" he cried in thick tongued | Once the patient, long suffering mule supported the pair until they regained their equilibrium. Sometimes they fell

> She would not let them rest for a minute, not believing or perhaps never having heard of fighting by rounds.

She liked a continuous performance rolled into one.

At last the struggle began to show upon them. As they weakened and Each seemed to be measuring the as the whisky were off they began to better of brute strength the lone spec-

It may have been partly skill or accident or luck, but in one of these proaching, this time by the rain guilled | feints Buck got through Cai's guard |

"Where'd y' throw that gun?" Cal | a wow that, catching him on the whispered hoarsely to his mother-in- point of the chin, landed him, half dreaming, upon his back by the roadside. Buck immediately prepared to jump upon him with both feet.

> "You let him be!" the mother-in-law cried fiercely. "You give him a chanst to git up. You'll be thar yourself afore Grimly she stood guard until the

stricken man squirmed up on his elbow, and then she administered a zily to his feet. When his vision became clear it was

the mill. Except to see that they met her ideas of fair play, Mrs. Miracle let them fight, once they were in earnest, until they had fought their grudge out, and

satisfaction. Even then it was much harder to terminate the fight than to start it; but here, again, the whip came into play, and reluctantly they separated.

"Now, Buck Haney," she said, and her tone was menacing, "you git up to that house fas' as yuh kin go! Don't give me none of your sass nuther," she interrupted him as he seemed about

to speak. Thoroughly sobered, though some what bewildered, he passed through the gate and up the rocky, uneven lane. She assured herself that he was really gone before she turned to Cal.

"Now you hoof it for home," she hissed. He merely glared at her stubbornly and turned in the opposite di rection. Was she to lose out, after all? Was

she to go back to Lowisey with the humiliating knowledge that she had failed? Heretofore their quarrels had not been her quarrels, but now that she

was into it her mountain blood urged her to win or die. The mule seemed to be in sympathy with her for once, for he spurted along until she overtook him, and, though he had begun to run, the lash

descended and struck squarely. Whatever opposition was in his mind faded with that one blow. Before she could administer another he was headed homeward and outdoing

"You'll fin' th' rake an' hoe side o' th' stable door," she called after bim. 'an' th' ax's at th' wood pile!"

He made no sign save perhaps to ac celerate his speed. Mrs. Myers was still on the porch when he passed. She noted his bruised countenance and the sleeve torn from his shirt. Then a voice, timid, anxious, halled

her from beyond the railroad track, and she turned to see. It was only an angular, sharp featured old mountain woman upon a

somnolent mule "Mis' Myers," she called, "Mis' Myers, be th' klars up er down?"

Fully Explained. in these days of initiative, referen-

dums and recalls it is interesting to note the expranation given by a well known politician to an out of town friend the other day in a hotel lobby. "Mr Man goes home and announces that he is going downtown after supper to meet a friend. That's the initiative. The wife of the house says, "Are a fierce eruption was taking place withyou?" in that ascending voice which into Cal, who rewarded it with a ter- seems to walk over the roof of her nerves. That's the referendum. Then Mr. Man sits down and reads his padelivery. Then, of their own accord, per. That's the recall. And that's all than a mile deep. In 1892 the island there is to it. Understand it now, "ose only about twenty-six feet above dont' you? Just as easy and simple sea level, and in 1898, under the action as two and two are four."-Columbus of the waves, its complete disappear-

The Polonzelo Arrow.

"An arrow studded with the most costly of stones, tipped at both ends with pure virgin gold and headed with the feathers of the rarest birds." Such Now stern disapproval as the action is the description given of the "Polontagged or a whisky clouded brain di- zelo arrow," which in 1434 was preected an unusually clumsy blow. Now sented to Sir John Dalcourt by a Spanquick flashing smile of approbation sish gentleman. This wonderful arrow as a toll hardened paw of a hand land- was made in 1204 by an ancestor of al a good one upon the other's face or the Spaniard's, and every stone and jewel with which it was set was said to represent a human life cut short Buck's ribs that called forth a ponder- through its instrumentality. The stones ous grunt, and the next instant tried indicated the number of men to whom dizzily to dodge a like one coming in it had carried death, while the curioushis direction. He was partly success- ly fashioned gold and silver jewels ful, but the blow, sliding beneath his represented the women who had fallen

under its poisoned point. Joys of Hope Deferred. "'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, says the proverb; but, said Mr. Glimmerton, "it has never struck me that way. If I could have all my hopes fulfilled I feel that I should be dull and logy, satiated, without interest, but with hope deferred I have always something to look forward to. And has it not often happened that realization has proved less joyous than anticipation? Why, certainly. We may find success when we reach it but an empty shell and laugh to think that we had struggled for it so eagerly. Hope's the thing.

"Let me have my hopes, or at least some of them, deferred. I like the picture."-New York Sun.

Limited Repertory

thought of the newcomer. 'Well, sah," answered Uncle Shadrach, "Ah doan wan' to brag, but Ah can pump mo' pieces 'n he kin play, the next apartment to ours ever touchsah!"-New York Post.

The Arctic Sea Cow.

The arctic sea cow, an enormous kind of walrus, used to herd in large numbers on Bering island. But in 1742 it was discovered by a passing ship and hunted with harpoons. Other ships arrived after this, and the startled sea monsters were pursued and speared with such persistency that in thirtyeight years there was not one left.

Laconic. Jimmy doesn't waste any words. He was driving a visitor across the common a few evenings ago when they saw a cart lying among the gorse with a broken shaft. The visitor asked him what had happened to it.

"Met another one," he replied. "Oh, but"-"Saturday night!" he interrupted .--Manchester Guardian.

Trivial Annoyances. It is surprising how trivial are the annoyances which suffice to make some men miserable. A lump of soot falling on a mars onen, a beefsteak overdone, losing a railway train by forty seconds after running himself out of breath, a visit from a bore when he is overwhelmed with cares, the rasping of his nerves by a hand organ when he is weary, inclined to headache or trying to sleep; even the want & Story of the Wooing of the & tongue lashing until he staggered dig- of a pin or a shirt button flying off at + an unlucky moment, as when he is dressing for a dinner party and has scant time in which to do it-all these of his own volition he went back into are annoyances which sorely try a + man's patience and chafe and vex many a person more than a serious misfortune. Alexander Smith goes so far as to say that if during thirty long after that until they felt they years all the annoyances connected with defalcating shirt buttons alone had licked each other to their complete could be gathered into a mass and endured at once it would be misery equal to a public execution,-New York Telegram.

Water and Pure Water. Pure water is nothing more or less than a chemical curiosity Even when distilled it cannot rightly be considered perfectly pure. Mineral matter is the most common foreign substance found in "Adam's ale." This is largely owing to the fact that all water passes through rock and soil at some time or other. In moderate quantities these mineral salts are quite desirable, as they are particularly needed for our bones and muscles. When water is distilled these mineral substances become detached; hence distilled water is useless for drinking. But if more than a hundred grains of such salts as magnesium or sodium sulphate are contained in a gallon of water it should then be regarded as a mineral beverage rather than a good drinking material. The importance of water can be well realized when we consider that the very elasticity of our muscles, cartilages and tendons is due to the amount of water that these tissues contain.-Pear-

Do Champion Athletes Die Young? From opinions collected from men prominent in the athletic world, among them several doctors and surgeons who have given the subject special study, it may be concluded that the average man can play baseball, tennis and basketball with safety until he is forty. After that age these more vigorous games become a little dangerous, even to the man in good physical condition. At forty-five, most of the experts agree, golf, croquet, handball, volley ball and medicine ball are more fitting and, certainly, safer pastimes. The United States public health service discountenances some of the more violent forms of sport, such as rowing, for instance, even for young men. Long distance running, jumping and pole vaulting also are considered extremely exhausting by its experts. It declares, in short, that "champion athletes die

young."-Boston Herald.

In 1867 a new shoal was discovered in the group of the Tonga or Friendly islands. In 1877 smoke was seen over the shoal. In 1885 the shoal had become a volcanic island more than two miles long and 240 feet high, and in it. In 1886 the island had begun to shrink in dimensions. In 1889 its height had diminished one-half, and the ocean close around it was more ance was reported.

The Safety First Critic. "Brown is a very careful critic, isn't

"In what way?" "He always manages to take the sting out of his unfavorable com-

ment.

"For instance?" "His bride made him a shortcake the other day, and when she asked him how he liked it he replied, 'It isn't as good as your mother used to make.' "-Detroit Free Press.

Birds and Lightning.

Birds are sometimes struck by lightning. Darwin records the case of a wild duck that he saw struck by a bolt while flying. It was killed instantly and fell to the ground. But birds seem to know instinctively that lightning is to be feared. That perhaps is why they seek shelter in thunderstorms. The sudden disappearance of the birds is, indeed, in the country one of the surest signs of an approaching tempest.

Italics. Italics are letters formed after the Roman model, but sloping toward the right, used to emphasize words or sentences. They were first used about 1500 A. D. by Manutius, a Venetian MR. SARPY BOWED TO A CAREFUL ANGLE. printer, who dedicated them to the Italian states; hence the name.

Just the Man.

First Artist-Well, old chap, how is business? Second Artist-Oh, splendid! Uncle Shadrach had held down the Got a commission this morning from a job of pumping the organ in his millionaire. Wants his wife and chilchurch for a score of years. A new or- dren painted very badly. First Artistganist had come, and a member of the Well, you're the very man to do that .church asked Uncle Shadrach what he Exchange

> "I don't believe the woman who has es her parlor carpet."

> "My dear, that's a sweeping arraign ment."—Baltimore American. It is better to believe that a man

> does possess good qualities than to as-

sert that he does not.-Chinese Maxim.

Marriage and Mathematics.

egraph.

"Yes," said the old mathematician, with a gleam in his eyes, "I've always I'll look like a rag, I will." looked at it that way. Marriage is addition; when the little ones come it's multiplication; when dissension looms perky pink bow in her hair and at her up to cloud the horizon of their happiness it's division, and when the final parting comes it's subtraction!"

at the elbows in pink rosettes. Mr. Sarpy rose from his three legged "And how about divorce?" asked the chair in great baste and much embarrassment. "Oh, that would come under the de-"Good evening, Miss Pope," nomination of fractions!"-London Tel-His hair fitted his head like a yel-

********* was correspondingly fair. When Mr. Sarpy shaved it was as manly pastime rather than hirsute necessity. "How d'ye do, Mr. Sarpy?"

Mere

Fair Miss Mae Pope.

By FANNIE HURST

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With exquisite precision Miss Mae

Pope-M-a-e, please-festooned a yel-

breathed upon its face, polished the

with them supper dishes yet?"

ner moist pink hands on a towel.

and cut your own ham and slice your

"The sandwiches is ready," she re-

"Ain't I told you three times, maw,

"He ain't set up to another girl on

over to the books and read around."

"You ain't nothin' in the book line."

turned the identical smile.

photographer's brace.

own bread?"

young men this away."

got no kick coming."

all right."

can't tell nothin' about 'em."

"Huh!" said Mrs. Pope.

"That fer all you know."

ey," assented the mother,

Virginia Tomokins together."

with intent to wither. "I knew man-

hers before you was born," she re-

"Maw"-Miss Pope bent forward on

Effie's boss gave her after the Sixth

leg so it won't wabble. Watcher-

A flash of red kimono and Miss Pope

disappeared. Almost immediately she

returned with three small volumes in

the curve of her arm, a yellow and

slightly damaged by fire copy of Owen

Meredith's "Lucille," an old edition of

"Thelma," and a brown bound "Auto-

crat of the Breakfast Table." She

stacked them symmetrically on the

"These books look fine," she cried.

"Looky," cried Miss Pope, "it's time

"If I don't hurry and get dressed

Two hours later Miss Pope reappear

low ollskin cap, and his complexion

"Be sure and sing fer him, Mae."

A clock struck the half hour.

"Out proppin' up the kitchen table

avenue store fire?"

want?"

center table.

quainted."

the floor but me"-

They shook hands. "Ain't this a pleasant evenin'?"

"It is that," agreed Mr. Sarpy. Miss Pope smoothed her white dress until it clung to her like an ephod of grace and crossed her feet daintily. Her companion let his hands hang over his knees and busied himself yanking his neck about his small tall collar. "I didn't see you when I left the

store, Mr. Sarpy,' "Indeed, I was in the vicinity of the

shirts all day." "By the way, you ain't never met maw, have you?"

"Beg pardon?" "I say, you ain't never met maw, have you?

low silk scarf, fringe edged, over one "No, no, I never had the pleasure. corner of the parlor mantelpiece. A Mr. Sarpy's neck darted uneasily again, bisque shepherd fastened the drape in Well, what-a you know about that place and smiled down the length of and I been talkin' about you ever since his shelf at a bisque shepherd lass who I got the book shift! I'll call her this leaned across a bisque railing and re-

Mr. Sarpy half raised himself from Between the two a gilt framed phothe divan. tograph of Miss Mae Pope, taken at "Please don't let me disturb"- he the age of fifteen, held center place. began, but Miss Pope had phrouetted,

Accurately posed in a white frock and light as breeze between the portieres communion veil, her figure was the that pattered like rain. erect result of a rigid vertebra and a "Oh, m-aw!" Her voice came back to him like a bell. "Oh, maw, dear, Miss Pope took up the gilt frame, would you stop readin' long enough to

step into the parlor and meet Mr. glass protection and replaced it upon Mrs. Pope laid aside a large wooten "Maw," she called, "ain't you done arrangement she was knitting and rose stiffly from her chair. Her spotted silk

Almost immediately Mrs. Pope appeared between the portieres, wiping In that brief moment Miss Pape straightened the maternal neckband. Say, what do you think this here whispered a final admonition in her is, the Waldorf-Astoria? If you're in mother's very red car and danced back such a hurry why don't you come out

into the parlor. "Ma'll be here in just a minute, Mr Sarpy. She's always readin'!"

'Fer land's sake, maw, I ain't deef!" Presently Mrs. Pope hove in. rattled when she walked, and after you torted irrelevantly enough, "and the had regarded her for a bit the large glasses and root beer is on the tray. In white spots on her black gown began my day gurls didn't set up to their to magnify and rotate until the gift of sight became a curse.

"When I keep company with a gen-"Maw, I want to make you acquaint 'leman friend like Mr. Sarpy you ain't ed with my friend Mr. Sarpy." "Pleased to meet you, ma'am." Mr.

"I ain't savin' nothin' 'til I've seen Sarpy bowed to a careful angle. him. Men are a deceivin' lot, You "Pleased to meet you, sir. weather, ain't it?" "It is that," carefully reseating him-

that he's been in the gents' furnishing four menths? Virginia Tompkins used "Mae says you work at the Biggest to know him when he was in the white store too.' goods over at Tracy's. He's the goods "Yes, ma'am; I'm in the aisle

joining to the books."

"Well, well, so books is your special line." "No'm." Mr. Sarpy spoke with some reluctance. "I'm in the gents' fur'

"If it wasn't that I was put over on nishing-next aisle to the books." the book sale, I never would even have "So gents' furnishin' is your partic' seen him. He's the smart kind, he is, lar line!" There sin't a noon hour he don't come "No, ma'am; I have been in the hardware and in the white goods."

"Then what's he settin' up to you "Mae, why don't you sing fer your fer?" Mrs. Pope sniffed suspiciously. friend? She ain't got a bad singin' voice when she's in practice With her forefinger Mae traced a pat-"I can't keep a fellow from getting

stuck on me. can 1?" Miss Pope lowtern on the brocade. "Aw, maw," she remonstrated and "Sixty-seven dollars ain't bad monglanced out of one eye at Mr. Sarpy. "I'd be pleased to hear you sing, "Sixty-seven fifty." corrected ber Miss Pope. "And me with such a cold!" But

"Just gimme one look at him an" she spread herself over the piano stool I'll know more about him 'n you and and cast her eyes in modest fashion at a remote angle of the ceiling. "Fer lands sake, maw, don't fergit After a long and fervent crescendo

what to say when I make you acthe performer swung lightly around on her stool. Mrs. Pope glanced at her daughter

"You play just grand," said Mr "Oh, you jollier, and me with such

"Maybe Mr. Sarpy would like some refreshments, Mac.

The root beer and sandwiches were served. Mr Sarpy partook with dignity and reserve. "Do have another sandwich, Mr.

Sarpy. "No, thank you." He placed his glass on the mantelpiece and flecked his lips with his handkerchief. Miss Pope coughed twice behind her hand, and

her mother rose. "I guess I'll be saying good night. Mr. Sarpy. Us old folks ain't so spry on our legs as you young ones."

Miss Pope blushed. "Good night, Mrs. Pope. I'm pleased that I met you."

"Same to you," said Mrs. Pope, closing the folding doors behind her. He bowed her out. Miss Pope remained at the center table, ruffling the leaves of a book idly through her tifigers. Mr. Sarpy returned to her

"We think she's nice," she replied archiv. He took the book gently from her

hand. "What are you reading?" He held sidewise and read the title, his face brightening.

"'Lucille.' Oh, Miss Pope, are you fond of 'Lucille' too?" "I just love it. She's my favorite." They talked in subdued tones, and

after awhile he wandered over to the

hearth, took the gilt framed photothe divan, the dawn of an inspiration graph from off the mantelpiece and regarded it thoughtfully. flushed her face-"where's them books "That old thing!" she objected.

That old thing's six years old!" "It's just beautiful," he said softly "Now, you stop your jollying!" Mr. Sarpy, in whose blood ran the corpuscles of philosophy, studied the picture with a thoughtful pucker be-

"From the child to the woman; from severity, frequently so as to render the the communion veil to the wedding sufferer almost a cripple for life. The There was a crucial pause.

tween his eyes.

you," she whispered. He moved nearer, and their faces, ing it around, tighten the ropes and startled and flushed, were reflected in render the feet immovable. Two exethe mirror.

"You got such a poetical way about

"Oh, you!" she gasped, with a telepathy that would have roused quently lasts for an hour or until the science. "You're just my style of a girl, Miss

ed through the bead portieres. There Pope. If I do say it myself, I'm not was a pink spot on each cheek and a like most fellows, that want a girl to be pretty and nothing else. I like them to know about books and things. throat. Her brief sleeves terminated That's what I say."

> confessed. "You aren't like other girls." The perennial phrase fell fresh from his ed, sir.—Chicago Herald.

thought you meant it.

"I do." His hand worked open he

"IT'S JUST BRAUTIPUL," HE SAID SOFTLY. pliant fingers, and his knuckles rested

est month in the year." She giggled and turned her redden

His knuckles pressed her closer. "Divinely tall and most divinely fair!" he quoted.

He could see the color creep higher into her face. "Will you be mine, little one?" he whispered in a tone that qualified him

For some inexplicable reason, known only to her sex and kind, Miss Pope's eyes were suddenly blurred with tears. He took his watery cue and in the most unapproved fashion kissed her smackingly on the lips.

"That seals our love, honey. That means we're engaged," and her blond head nodded on his shoulder. "Isn't it great, Mae?" he whispered to the rear of her colffure.

"Mr. Sarpy-Gus"- she breathed. He made her repeat the glorified name, and then he kissed again the lips that had haloed it.

"I'm for a June wedding." said be "when nature is in bloom, and there is Coney and the park for Sundays." "June! Gus, that's only two months

poet says.

we. Gus?" "Not a-tall, dear, not at-all." There's a swell three rooms in An nie's building over on Second Avenue -stationary washtubs and \$21."

were shining. "Annie's got a dandy dining room set, golden oak and round table, \$

When he finally rose to depart, the elevated had long ceased to roar, save at intervals. The stillness broke upon them suddenly.

"I didn't mean to stay so late." he pleaded. They lingered over the moment of their farewell.

yourself." "I'll see you in the morning," she said half tearfully. She stood in the open doorway listening to his retreating footsteps click-

Then she closed the door softly, holding the knob to save the squeak, and tiptoed across the room to lower the At the window she paused a moment The silence fairly buzzed in her ears,

much Annie's green carpet cost." The Eskimo Code. The Eskimo's social and moral code is interesting. Its chief provisions are: Should a man inadvertently or by malice aforethought kill another the wife and children of the man so killed

remain a burden on the murderer so long as he or they live. A drift log found is treasure trove and belongs to the finder, who indicates possession by placing upon it a pipe, mitten or personal trinket of

some kind. No one must eat seal and walrus on the same day. All large animals killed are to be

ing of the man who kills them. Punishment In Persia. Among the Persians the usual mode

of punishment is the bastinado, from which men of the highest rank are not exempt. It is inflicted with very great victim is thrown upon his face, and each foot is passed through a loop of strong cord attached to a pole, which is raised horizontally by men, who, twistcutioners then strike the soles alter-"Guess what I'm thinking?" he nately with switches of the pomegranate tree well steeped in water to render them supple. The punishment fre-

> His Inference. Waiter-There's an unmarried lady wishes to speak to you on the telephone, sir. Hotel Visitor-How do you know she's unmarried. Waiter-She said not to bother if you were engag-

BBrech. against her palm. "M-a-y! You're named after the fair ing face from him. "Ob. Mr. Sarpy!" for juvenile roles in a stock company.

They sat on the divan, and he smoothed her hand.

"Months on leaden wings," as the "We sin's so bad off on \$67.50, are

"That is not bad, Mae." His eyes

"You'll give notice next week that you're quitting, dearie?" "Yes," she murmured into his coat sleeve. "I gotta to begin to get ready." "Goodby, Mae-take good care of

click down one, two, three, four flights of fireproof stairs.

As she looked out her lips parted. "I wonder." she was thinking, "how "Your mother's a pleasant, intelligent

looked upon as common property of the tribe and not as a personal belong-

unfortunate victim faints from pain.

"I've always been that a-way," she